THE LANCASTER LEDGER

$2 PER ANNUM. CHAINED TO NO PARTY'S ARBITRARY SWAY, WE CLEAVE TO TRUTH, WHERE'ER SHE LEADS THE WAY." IN ADVANCE

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Selected Tales

THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

On a fine morning in the summer of 1833, a handsome but poorly dressed boy called at the door of a rich mansion in L——e square, in New York city, and offered some baskets of strawberries for sale. Having disposed of the fruit, he was about to depart, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a beautiful girl, some twelve years old, who crossed the hall near the door. She was the only daughter of the gentleman of the house. The kind look which she bestowed on him struck a chord in his heart, which until that moment had never vibrated.

"She is very lovely!" he exclaimed mentally; but she is the daughter of the great millionaire; she can be nothing to me."

He returned to the fields in search of more fruit, but the remembrance of that sunny face attended him closely in his rambles.

"I am young," he continued to himself, "would I could make myself worthy of her," and this thought, though it did not banish the feeling, hushed it.

A week had passed, and the little boy again stood, with palpitating heart, at the rich man's door. His fruit was purchased as before, and he received his money from the white hand of the fair being whom from the moment he first saw her he had dared to love. She spoke kindly to him, and bade him call again.

He did not forget the order. He called again, but the season was advancing, and the fruit had become a scarcity.

"I shall not be able to bring you any more," he said one morning. "I am sorry for it was a pleasure for me to call here,—but we may meet hereafter."

The young heart that fluttered in the bosom of that young girl was touched at the musical, though somewhat melancholy tone in which this was uttered, and she timidly replied that "she would remember him."

"We shall meet again, Miss, when, I promise you, you shall not be ashamed to acknowledge the acquaintance of the poor strawberry boy."

She though the language singular, but they parted.

Three years elapsed. The tide of speculation which was then swelling in our country, had not reached "the flood," and the man of wealth, with the beautiful daughter, rolled in his elegant carriage along Broadway, upon a fine Sabbath morning, on their way to Trinity Church. Charlotte was "just turned to sixteen," and the bright bud was just changing to the open rose. She was fair indeed.

The service had ended—the magnificent carriage stood at the church door; the elegantly caparisoned horses pawed the ground uneasily; a liveried footman held the door, and the wealthy merchant handed his lovely daughter to the coach, amid the low obeisance of her gay admirers.

Why does she not deserve the homage of her thousadd butterfly admirers.

A young, plainly dressed stranger, stands quietly at the side of the church door, and her gaze for a moment is riveted on his features.

"Who can it be?" she remembers—no, she cannot remember.

The carriage rolls slowly towards the stately mansion of the man of wealth, and he discovers an uncommon unquietness in his daughter's demeanor.

"My dear Charlotte, you are ill."

"No, father, no—I am very well."

They arrived at the door—the stranger was there. They alight: he extends a slight, a very slight, but respectful bow to the "heiress," and moves on.

A blush tinges that bright cheek; she recognizes him.

Charlotte retired to her chamber; she was unhappy—but surely, "the stranger was nothing to her, or she to him."

Time rolled on. It was the coldest night of the uncommon cold winter of '35, and the memorable 16th of December. A fire had broke out in the evening in one of the principal street of the business part of the great commercial metropolis. It raged violently, and at early morning on the succeeding day, a great portion of the city lay in ashes.

The millionaire was comparatively a beggar. His furniture was sacrificed; his mansion disposed of; his splendid horses and carriage went into other hands, and even "Jessie," Charlotte's coal black favorite, was doomed to pass from them under the hammer.

"Poor Jessie!" sighed her mistress: "I hope she may fall into good hands."

But nobody wanted "Jessie," and she was finally purchased and thrown away upon a stranger.

"Who did you say was the purchaser?" inquired Charlotte of her father.

"A Mr. Manly, I think," said the father.

Another year had fled. Misfortune had followed in rapid succession, and the revolution of '37 had finally reduced our man of wealth to bankruptcy. The following advertisement appeared in the papers that day:

"Will be sold at public auction, on Wednesday next, on the premises, the right of redemption to that beautiful cottage, with about half an acre of land adjoining, laid out in a garden, well stocked with fruit trees and shrubbery, situated on the south side of Staten Island, and mortgaged to John Jacob A. for the sum of ten thousand three hundred dollars, etc. Sale positive—title indisputable—possession given immediately—terms cash."

The rich man that was, in vain appealed to his sunshine friends for aid. They must have security; the times were hard; they had lost a good deal of money; people sometimes live too fast; it was'nt their fault; very sorry, but couldn't help him.

From bad to worse he succeeded, and now reduced to the last extremity, he had retired to his beautiful retreat, with the hope that rigid economy and fresh application to his mercantile affairs would retrieve his rapidly sinking fortune. But his star was descending, and his more lucky brethren forgot that he had been "one of them." Unfortunately, he had no security to offer, and the cottage was sold.

It was a bright day in autumn; the purchasers were few, there was but little competition, and the estate passed into other hands. The purchaser gave notice that he should take possession forthwith.

And what was to become of the lovely child? His last home had been taken from him, and that fair girl was motherless. The heart of the fond father misgave him when he received the information that the premises must be immediately vacated. He had been a proud man, but his pride was now humbled, and calmly he resigned himself to this last stroke of affliction. He too, wept; oh it was a fearful sight to see that strong man weep!

But his troubles were nearly at an end. The day following that upon which the sale occurred had well nigh sped. The afternoon was bright and balmy, and the father sat with his daughter in the recess of one of the cottage windows, which looked out upon the high road. He had received a note from the purchaser of the cottage, informing him that he should call upon him in the afternoon, for the porpose of examining the premises more fully than he had yet an opportunity of doing.—They awaited his visit.

A stranger on horseback halted suddenly in front of the court yard gate, and turning the head of his coal black steed, he ambled to the door.

"O, father!" shouted Charlotte, forgetting for the moment her sorrows, "look, there is my darling little Jessie, and—" a knock at the door called her at once to recollection.

The door was opened by the once princely proprietor of the princely mansion in L——e square. Before him stood a curious looking young man, who inquired for Mr. S.

That is my name, sir, and I have the honor of addressing—"

"Mr Manly, sir, now the owner of this cottage. I have just received the deed from my attorney, and with your permission, shall be glad to examine the estate."

"Walk in, sir, you are master here, and I shall vacate as soon as your pleasure may require it. My daughter, sir," he continued, as the stranger entered the parlor. "This is Mr. Manly, Charlotte, the purchaser of our little cottage."

"The person whom you you once knew only as the poor strawberry boy," continued Manly, as he took her extended hand.

"My dear sir," said Manly, addressing the father, "I am the owner of this cottage. Seven years ago I had the happiness to receive from this fair hand a few shillings in payment for fruit, which I carried to the door of the then affluent Mr. St., of L——e square. I was but a boy, sir, and a poor boy, too; but poor as I was, and wealthy as was this lady, I dared to love her. Since then I have traveled many leagues, I have endured many hardships, with but a single object in view—that of making myself worthy of your daughter. Fortune has been no niggard with me, sir; my endeavors have been crowned with success, and I come here to-day not to take possession of this lovely cottage alone, but to lay my fortune at the feet of worth and beauty, and to offe this fair being a heart which exist but for herself alone."

Charlotte loved, and shortly after gave her hand to Manly. They remained in the cottage, which was newly furnished; and many times afterwards did she mount her favorite Jessie, at the side of her fond and devoted husband, and roam through the romantic scenes which abound in that far-famed island.

From the Wills Valley (Ala.) Post.

Characteristics of Alabama.

DEKALB.—This county, the one in which this paper is published, lies in the north east corner of the State, and is a strip of territory, embracing three or four valleys, running from the north west corner of Georgia, toward the southwest, some seventy miles in length, and perhaps fifteen in width. The glorious old warrior, from whom it took its name, the Baron DeKalb, was born in Germany, in 1717. He served in the French army 42 years, and in the war between France and England, was sent by the French Government to incite the American colonies to revolt; and to discover those circumstances tending most to conquest. He was seized as a spy, while here, and narrowly escaped. He went into Canada, and after its capture by the British, returned to France. In 1777 he came back to the United States, offered his services, and was soon after made a major General. When Sir Henry Clinton organized his expedition, for the capture of Charleston, South Carolina, he led the Delaware and Maryland troops to the protection of South Carolina. General Lincoln being made prisoner, the whole Southern army came under the command of DeKalb, till appointment of General Gates. On the 15th of August, 1778, a battle was fought near Camden, between Gates and Lord Rawdon; in which DeKalb commanded the right wing. In this battle DeKalb fought, with great gallantry on foot, covered with wounds.—When Marion and Horry were introduced to him, just before this event, he appeared old, but still of fine complexion.—"His person, says Weems, "was large and manly, above the common size, with great nerve and activity; while his fine blue eyes, expressed the mild radience of intelligence and goodness. At this time he was sixty-one years of age, and had a father and a mother living, of whom he gave the following account:—

"The very christmas before I sailed for America, I went to see him. It was three hundred miles, at least, from Paris. On arriving at the house, I found my dear old mother at her wheel, in her eighty third year, mind, gentlemen! spinning very gaily, while one of her great-grand-daughters carded the wool and sang a hymn for her. Soon as the first transports of meeting were over, I eagerly asked for my father. 'Do not be uneasy, my son,' said she, 'your father is only gone to the woods, with his three little great-grand-children, to cut some fuel for the fire, and they will all be here presently, I'll be bound!' And so it proved: for in a very short time I heard them coming along. My father was the foremost, with his axe under his arm, and a stout billet on his shoulder; and the children, each with his little load, staggering along, and prattling to my father with all their might. Be assured, gentlemen, that this was a most delicious moment to me. Thus, after a long absence, to meet a beloved father, not only alive, but in health and dear domestic happiness above the lot of kings; also, to see the two extremes of human life, youth and age, thus sweetly meeting and mingling in that *cordial* love that turns the cottage into a paradise."

Just before the battle he took leave of Marion and Horry, and the following is the touching account of that interview, and his death:

"Immediately on receiving orders we waited on the good old DeKalb, to take leave; and also to assure him of our deep regret at parting with him.

'It is with equal regret, my dear sir,'—said he, 'that I part with you, because I feel a presentiment that we part to meet no more.'

We told him we hoped better things.

'Oh, no!' replied he, it is impossible.—War is a kind of game, and has its *fixed rules*, whereby, when we are well acquainted with them, we can pretty correctly tell how the trial will go. To-morrow, it seems, the die is to be cast, and in my judgment, without the least chance on our side.—The militia will, I suppose, as usual, play the *back game*, that is, get out of the scrape as fast as their legs can carry them. But that, you know, won't do for me. I am an old soldier, and cannot run: and I believe I have with me some brave fellows, who will stand with me to the last. So that, when you hear of our battle, you will probably hear that your old friend De Kalb is at rest."

I do not know that I was ever more affected in my life. I looked at Marion and saw that his eyes were watery. DeKalb saw it too, and taking us by the hand,—with a firm tone, and animated look, said: 'No! no! gentleman; no emotions for me, but those of congratulation. I am happy. To die is the irreversable decree of him who made us. Then what joy to be able to meet his decree without dismay! This, thank God, is my case.—The happiness of man is my wish, that happiness I deem inconsistent with slavery. And to avert so great an evil from an innocent people, I will gladly meet the British to-morrow, at any odds whatever.'

As he spoke this, I saw a something in his eyes, which at once demonstrated the divinity of virtue and the immortality of the soul.

'Oh, my God!' said Marion, as we rode off, 'what a difference does *education* make, between man and man. Enlightened by her sacred ray, see here is the native of a distant country, come to fight for our liberty and happiness, while many of our people, for *lack of education*, are actually aiding the British to heap chains and curses upon themselves and children."

It was on the morning of August the 15th, 1780, that we left the army in a good position near Rugeley's mills, twelve miles from Camden, where the enemy lay. About 10 o'clock that night orders were given to march to surprise the enemy, who had at the same time commenced their march to surprise the Americans. To their mutual astonishment, the advance of the two armies met about two o'clock, and commenced firing upon each other. The firing, however, was soon discontinued by both parties, who seemed to be willing to leave the matter to be decided by daylight.

A council of war was called: in which DeKalb advised that the army should fall back to Rugeleys mills, and there, in a good position, wait to be attacked.

But Gates not only rejected this excellent counsel, but threw out suspicions that it originated from fear. Upon which De Kalb called to his servant to take his horse, and leaping on the ground, placed himself at the head of his command on foot. To this indecent expression of Gen. Gates he also retorted with considerable warmth, 'Well sir, a few hours will let us see who are the brave!'

It should be recorded for the benefit of our officers, many of whose laurels have been blasted by the fumes of brandy, that Gen. Gates was rather too fond of his nocturnal glass.

"I wonder where we shall dine to-morrow?" said one of his officers, as in the dark they sat on their sleepy horses waiting for the day.

"Dine, sir!" replied the confident Gates, "why at Camden, sir, to be sure. Begad! I would not give a pinch of snuff, sir, to be insured a beef-steak to morrow in Camden, and Lord Cornwallis at my table."

Presently day appeared, and as the dawning light increased, the frightened militia began to discover the woods reddening over like crimson, with the long extended lines of the British army, which soon, with rrttling drums and thundering cannon, came rushing on to the charge.—The militia, scarcely waiting to give them a distant fire, broke and fled in the utmost precipitation. Whereupon Gen. Gates clapped spurs to his horse, and pushed hard after them, as he said 'to bring the rascals back.' But he took care never to bring himself back, nor indeed to stop until he had fairly reached Charlotte, eighty miles from the field of battle. I remember it was common to talk in those days, that he killed *three horses* in his flight.

Gates and the militia, composing two-thirds of the army, having thus shamefully taken themselves off, the brave old DeKalb, and his handful of continentals, were left alone to try the fortune of the day. And never did men display a more determined valor! For though out-numbered more than *two to one*, they sustained the shock of the enemy's whole force, for upwards of an hour. With equal fury the rank-sweeping cannon and musket were employed on both sides, till the contending legions were nearly mixed. Then quitting this slower mode of slaughter, with rage-blackened faces and fiery eye-balls, they plunge forward on each other, to the swifter vengeance of the bayonet. Far and wide the woods resound to the clash of steel, while the red reeking weapons,—like stings of infernal serpents, are seen piercing the bodies of the combatants.—Some, on receiving the fatal stab, let drop their useless arms, and with dying fingers clasp the hostile steel that is cold in their bowels. Others, faintly crying out, "Oh! God, I am slain!" sank pale and quivering to the ground, while the vital current had gushed in hissing streams from their bursted bosoms. Officers as well as men, now mingle in the uproaring strife, and snatching the weapons of the slain, swell the horrid carnage. Glorying in his continentals the brave DeKalb towers before them like a red star, guiding their destructive course—his voice as the horn that kindles the young pack in chase of blood. A British grenadier, of giant size, rushes on him with a fixed bayonet. DeKalb parries the furious blow, and plunges his sword in the Britton's breast; then seizing the falling arms of the dying man, he deals death around him on a crowding foe. Loud rise the shouts of the Americans, but louder still the shouts of the more numerous enemy. The battle burns anew along all the fierce contending line. There, the distant Cornwillis pushes on his fresh regiments, like red clouds, bursting their thunder on the Americans; but here, condensing his diminished legions, the brave DeKalb still maintains the unequal contest. But alas! what can valor do against equal valor, aided by such fearful odds? The sons of Freedom bled on every side. With grief their gallant leader marks the fall of his heroes; soon himself to fall. For, as with a face all inflamed in the fight, he bends forward, animating his men, he receives *eleven wounds!* Fainting with loss of blood he falls to the ground. Several brave men—Britons and Americans were killed over him as they furiously strove to destroy or to defend. In the midst of the clashing bayonets, his only surviving Aid—Monsieur du Buyson, ran to him, and streaching his arms over the fallen hero, called out:—"Save the Baron DeKalb! save the Baron DeKalb!" The British Officers interposed, and prevented his immediate destruction.

It is said that Lord Cornwallis was so struck with the bravery of DeKalb, that he generously superintended while his wounds were dressed, by his own surgeons. It is also said that he appointed him to be burried with the honors of war. British officers have been often known to do such noble deeds, but that Lord Cornwallis was capable of acting so honorably, is very doubtful.

DeKalb died as he had lived, the unconquered friend of liberty. For being kindly condoled with by a British officer for his misfortune, he replied:—"I thank you, sir, for your generous sympathy; but I die the death I always prayed for—the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man."

His last moments were spent in dictating a letter to a friend concerning his continentals, of whom he said "he had no words that could sufficiently express his love and his admiration of their valor."—He survived the action but a few hours,—and was buried in the plains of Camden, near which his last battle was fought.

When the great Washington, many years afterward, came on a visit to Camden, he eagerly inquired for the grave of DeKalb. It was shown to him. After looking on it awhile, with a countenance marked with thought, he breathed a deep sigh and exclaimed:—"So, there lies the brave DeKalb; the generous stranger,—who came from a distant land, to fight our battles, and water with his blood, the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share with us its fruits!"

Congress ordered him a monument, but the friend of St. Tammany sleeps "without his fame." I have seen the place of his rest. It was the lowest spot of the plain. No sculptured warrior mourned at his low laid head, no cypress decked his heel. But the tall corn stood in darkening ranks around him, and seemed to shake their green leaves in joy above his narrow dwelling.

But the roar of his battle is not yet quite passed away, nor his ghastly wounds forgotten. The citizens of Camden have lately enclosed his grave, and placed on it a handsome marble, with an epitaph gratefully descriptive of his VIRTUES and SERVICES, that the people of future days may like Washington, heave the sigh when they read of 'the generous stranger who came from a distant land, to fight their battles, and to water with his blood the tree of their liberties.'

"Fair Camden's plains his glorious dust inhume.
Where annual Ceres shades her hero's tomb"

Character of Lord Brougham.

Brougham is a thunderbolt. He may come in the dark, he may come at random, his path may be in the viewless graspless air; but give him something solid, let him come in contact with the earth, and be it beautiful or barren, it feels the power of his terrible visitation.—You see not, or rather you heed not, the agent which works; but, just as the archgiant of physical destroyers rends his way you see the Kingdom of nature yielding at his approach, and the mightiest of their productions brushed aside as though they were dust, or torn as though they were gossamer!

While he raises his voice in the House—while he builds firmly and broadly the basis of his propositions, and snatches from every science a beam to enlarge and strengthen his work; and while he indignantly beats down and tramples upon all that has been reared by his antagonist, you feel as if the wand of annihilation was in his hand, and the power of distruction in his possession!

There cannot be a greater treat than to hear Brougham upon one of those great questions which give scope for the mighty swell of his mind, and which permit him to launch the bolts of that tremendous sarcasm, for which he has not now, and perhaps never had an equal in the House. When his display is a reply, you see his lathy figure drawn aside from others, and coiled up within itself like a snake, his eyes glancing from under the slouched bar; you mark the twin demons of irony and contempt, playing about the terse and compressed lines of his mouth!

Up rises the orator slowly and clumsily his body swung in an attitude which is none the most graceful. His long and sallow visage seems lengthened and deepened in its hue. His eyes, his nose and his mouth seem huddled together, as if, while he presses every illustration in his speech, he were at the same time condensing all his senses into one. There is a lowering sublimity in his brows which one seldom sees equalled; and the obliquity of the light shows the organization of the upper and lateral parts of his forehead, proud and palpable as the hills of his native north. His left hand is extended prepared as an anvil, upon which he is ever and anon to hammer with the forefinger of his right, as the preparation to that full swing which is to give life to every muscle, and motion to every limb. He speaks! In the most close clear and logical manner, does he demolish the castle which his opponent has built for himself! You hear the sounds, you see the flash, you look for the castle, and it is not; stone after stone, turret, battlement after battlement, wing after wing, are melted away, and nothing is left, save the sure foundation upon which the orator himself may build! There are no political bowels in him. He gives no quarter, and no sooner has he razed the fort than he turns him to torture the garrison. He is now something more terrible than the satire or mock solemnity of Canning, the glow of Burdett, or the glory of Mackintosh! His features, (which are always grave) assume the very depth of solemnity; and his voice (which is always solemn) falls into that under sophrann, (that visionary tone between speech and whisper) which men employ when they speak of their own graves and coffins. You would imagine it not audible, and yet its lowest syllable runs through the House like wildfire.—You would think it only meant for the ear of him who is the subject of it, yet it comes immediately, and powerfully, and without the possibility of being forgotten, to every one within the walls. You would think it the fond admonition of a sainted father to the errors of a beloved son; and which the devil is said to exercise, when he acts as accuser of the brethren. You may push aside the bright thing which raises a laugh; you may find a cover from the wit which ambles you on antitheses, or quotation; but against the home reproof of Brougham there is no defence: its course is so firm that you cannot dash it aside.

Agricultural.

Is sloth indulgence? 'tis a toil,
Enervates man and damns the soil.
Young.

From the Farmer and Planter.

The Hog "Crop"—Profits of Making—Measuring Corn, &c.

Messrs, Editors:—As an evidence that we can better afford to make than buy our own pork, I send you the following statement. On the 22d of December, 1851 my sow dropped ten pigs. They were fed during the winter on say ten bushels of corn and peas—peas boiled. In the early part of the summer they had a few carrots—afterwards they had only the run of the oat stubble, and a few peaches, untill I commenced feeding them in July or August. Wishing to try a plan which appeared perhaps in the *Southern Planter* and was copied into the *Soil of the South*, I commenced feeding with green corn, stalks and all. This gave them a start to grow, and put them in a thrifty state. After corn ripened, I fed corn in the ear, until the pigs were killed, except two weeks when they had the run of the peas, gathering their own food. Nine of the pigs were killed December 11, 1852, lacking twelve days of being a year old, and weighed as follows:—186, 192, 190, 142, 184, 150, 156, 166,, 172—aggregate, 1,508 lbs.—average, about 168. Now, for cost: nine bushels corn and peas, $9, carrots and green corn, $3; 90 bushels corn $45—total, $57. This is making slaughtered clean pork at a cost of less than four cents per pound, with the common native stock, with high priced food in the begining, and by a young farmer. I do not include in the cost of the gleanings of the oats and peas, because without the hogs they would have been wasted, but I think I put the fattening corn at rather too high a figure—ten bushels per head. My limited experience is in favor of killing hogs young. Never keep them through two winters. "A short life and a merry one," is good hog philosophy.

The following is my rule for measuring ear corn in the crib. Multiply together the inside length, breadth and depth, in feet and fractions of a foot; then multiply this product by 4, and cut off the right hand figure, for dividing by 10. The reason of the rule is this: a cubic foot contains 1728 cubic inches, and a bushel contains 2150,4 inches. Now, if the cubic feet of the crib (found by multiplying together the length, breadth and depth), be multiplied by 1728, and divided by 2150,4 we shall have the number of bushels of *shelled* corn or wheat that the crib will hold. But 1728 bears the same proporion to 2150.4 as 4 does to 5 very nearly. So that multiplying the *cubic feet* by 4, and dividing by 10, answer the same purpose as multiplying by 1728, and dividing by 2150,4, and then taking half for the cob. If the corn is very good, with deep grains, or the crib holdsover 500 bushels, I would divide by 9 instead of 10.

In conclusion, let me inquire of you and your correspondents what rule will do for measuring *unshucked* corn in a crib or pen! Also, how many pounds of peas in the hull will thresh out a bushel? Respectfully,

V. M. BARNE.

Thibet and Cashmere Goats in South Carolina.

WE have received, through the hands of Col. A. G. Summer, two samples of beautiful silky snow-white Cashmere wool, from Dr. James K. Davis, of South Carolina. These samples are from the offspring of certain Thibet and Cashmere goats, brought home from the mountains of Persia by Dr. Davis, for the purpose of trying the experiment of introducing these animals among the wool growers of the United States.

It will be remembered that, some seven or eight years ago, Mr. Davis, at the invitation of the Sultan, went over to Turkey to try the introduction of the cotton culture into that country upon that superior system of cultivation which has given to our Southern States the monopoly of the raw material in the great markets of the world. Mr. Davis, upon this honorable and benevolent mission, carried with him the seeds of the best varieties of Southern cotton, and the necessary agricultural books, implements, &c., for the enterprise. After his arrival at Constantinople he was encouraged by the Sultan to send for his family. Mrs. Davis received the summons at Charleston, and with her seven children—the oldest of whom was a boy of fifteen—she promptly undertook the long and hazardous journey to the confines of Asia. She set out on this long journey, not only within her seven children but with seven or eight negro slaves, raised on a South Carolina cotton plantation, to join her husband at Stamboul. From Liverpool to France, and thence across the Continent of Europe to Naples, thence by sea to Constantinople, she passed in safety, and safely arrived at her destination without accident, or any serious trouble or detention. Dr. Davis had found that the Turks, and the slaves of the Turks, were wholly incompetent for the cultivation of a cotton field upon the American plan, and hence the extraordinary expedient of bringing to his aid a detachment of his own field hands from South Carolina. The experiment finally failed. Even had the soil and the climate proved favorable in the highest degree, (which was not the case,) the ignorance prejudices, and indolence of the Turks in agricultural affairs, were insurmountable impediments to success.

Dr. Davis, however, from that spirit of liberality which has been so frequently illustrated in the history of the reigning Sultan, was not permitted to return home empty handed. Before his final return westward, however, under the special protection of his Oriental Majesty, he made the tour of the Holy Land, and penetrated into Persia. In these travels he picked up his Cashmere and Thibet goats, and a pair of a peculiar breed of Asiatic cattle, called water oxen, from their amphibious nature.

Such is the history of these samples of Cashmere wool now lying upon our table. A special correspondet detailed from this office in the spring of 1851 to look after the South Carolina secessionists and their preparations for war, gathered these particulars from a visit to a plantation of Dr. Davis, near Charleston. The provocation now, we think, will fully justify their publicity. From the same authority we may also state that a thrifty flock of white kids in '51 was growing up from the imported stocks from Persia; and that a number of them, on the visit aforesaid, were picking the moss from the horizontal limbs of a gigantic live oak tree in the open field, scattered about among its branches, from ten to twenty feet from the ground, while the water oxen were luxuriating among the lotus plants, up to their shoulders in the mud of a small swamp hard by.

We incline to think that the Cashmere and Thibet goats may result more successfully than the commendable efforts of another gentleman to introduce the culture of the tea plant in South Carolina. We should suppose that the mountainous districts of the South particularly were as well adapted for the goats of the foothills of the Himalayas as are the great plains which flank the Rocky Mountains for the camels of Arabia. We presume that if he has not already, Dr. Davis will soon have some samples of his home-produced Cashmere wool on exhibition at the Crystal Palace.—*N. Y. Herald of Sunday.*

Disobedience to Parents.

I once heard a lady say to her little girl, "Daughter, go into the other room and get a chair."

The little girl, who happened to be in an unpleasant mood, said,

"There ain't no chair there."

"Yes there is," said her mother.

"No there ain't," said the little girl.

"There is," said her mother, "and go and get it." The little girl went and brought the chair.

Now, this girl was guilty of two things:

1st. Disobedence to her mother. In refusing to go, she disobeyed her mother and violated that command which says, "Children, obey your parents."

2nd. Of irreverence for her mother. In doubting her mother's word when she said there was a chair in the other room, she showed a want of respect for her mother, and so violated that precept in the Bible, which says, "Honor thy father and thy mother."—*Telescope.*